

POEMS
FOR
REFORMERS.

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Primer for reformers

TO THE FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS,—

Who are laboring to
remove the evils that afflict Humanity, and speed the
time when men shall form one loving family the wide
world over, these verses are dedicated by their friend
and fellow-laborer,

WILLIAM DEXTON.

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POEMS FOR
REFORMERS.

I MAY NOT BE A POET.

I may not be a poet, but my heart beats to the tune,
The mocking birds are warbling in this merry month of June ;
My soul joins in the chorus, as they swell their artless lay ;
I sit and dream of heaven, on this sunny, Summer day.

I may not be a poet, but I often stand and gaze,
With joy-tears in my eyes, upon the sun's departing rays,
When golden beams are streaming through the cloudlets in the
West,
And Sol gives each a glory-kiss, before he goes to rest.

I may not be a poet, but I love the forest tree ;
Each wood-king is a brother, happy, natural and free ;
I worship as a Druid, for God dwells within this place ;
In wand'ring through the forest, I have seen him face to face.

I may not be a poet, but I love night's starry eyes ;
Their glory, like a magnet, draws my spirit to the skies ;
I march along the milky way, amid the shining throng,
And list with rapture as I go, to their melodious song.

I may not be a poet, but the flowers talk to me ;
The leaflets whisper softly, as I sit beneath the tree ;
To me the crickets chirp their loves, no secrets from me hid ;
I lie upon the velvet sward, and learn what " Katy did."

I may not be a poet, but I love the true and right,
And welcome Freedom's dawning, as the eagle greets the light ;
Roll on, bright orb of Liberty, and in thy ardent ray
May every fetter mankind wears, melt speedily away.

THE FREEMAN'S RESOLUTION.

I will not bow to a titled knave,
 Nor crouch to a lordly priest ;
 A martyr's torments I'd rather brave,
 Than be of my manhood fleeced.

I'll bend my knee to no golden god,
 I'll worship no calf in Dan ;
 Erect and free I'll stand on the sod,
 And act as becomes a man.

I'll pin my faith to no bigot's sleeve,
 I'll swallow no griping creed ;
 I'll ask my Reason what to believe,
 And ever her answer heed.

I'll hide no truth in a coward heart,
 The world would be blest to know ;
 My boldest thought, as it wells, impart,
 Nor check the soul's onward flow.

Your curses hurl, but the noble mind
 Can smile at your priestly ban ;
 Aye, forge your fetters ! ye cannot bind
 The spirit of one free man.

I will be true to my heav'n-born self,
 Nor league with the world to lie ;
 The rich may boast of their hoarded pelf,
 In poverty, happier I.

I'll love the true, I will do the right,
Ruled only by Reason's sway,
Let all do so, and the world's dark night
Will melt into rosy day.

TRUTH AND ERROR.

Not an error, firm as Andes,
Deep as lie her granite roots,
High, as soars the bird of thunder,
Wide, as Autumn sheds her fruits,
But can feel the heave of progress,
Like an earthquake at its core ;
And can hear the tempest roaring,
That shall sweep it from the shore.
Let it spread, as spreads the banyan,
Thousand-trunked o'er hill and dell,
Truth's an axe, whose edge of lightning
Shall the giant Upas fell.

TO THE TRUE REFORMER.

List to thy thought, as its gentle voice greets thee,
And sternly unshrinking, obey its behest ;
Heed not the clamor of Custom that meets thee,
Still doing thy duty, leave Heaven the rest.

Cherish thy thought ; 'tis a sapling supernal,
Transplanted from heaven, to flourish below ;
Food fit for gods, it will yield thee eternal ;
Neglected, its fruit will be sorrow and woe.

Live to thy thought ; be the model God-given
Thy guide, as the soul's walls successively rise ;
Patiently build ; thou shalt see unto heaven,
A temple of beauty in grandeur arise.

Trust in thy thought ; 'tis an anchor will hold thee
From drifting, when storms of adversity blow ;
A compass, when thick clouds of darkness enfold thee,
Still guiding thy bark o'er the billows of woe.

Utter thy thought ; see thou lock not the coffer,
Thus meanly and miserly hiding it there ;
Out with it boldly, not fearing the scoffer ;
As bright as the sun, and as free as the air

Follow thy thought ; it will lead to the mountain ;
Thy soul shall then bask where the flowers bloom ever,
Drink blessed draughts at felicity's fountain,
Rejoicing with friends that no future shall sever.

THE FREEMAN'S REPLY.

They say I must be silent ; that all truth should not be said ;
 That if the soul be manly, then the body wants for bread ;
 I cannot be respected by the noble or the great,
 But sorrow, grief and anguish must forever be my fate.

They bid me still the spirit-voice, clear, manly, noble, free ;
 And chain within the mind's deep cells the angel God sent me.
 Go, bid the ocean cease to heave ; the rivers cease to flow ;
 Bid smiling Spring retrace her steps, and flow'rets cease to blow.

Go, bid the bright stars shut their eyes, send back the sunbeam
 flown,
 And steal the azure from the skies that circle round its throne.
 Go, drive the wild winds to their home, the lightning to its nest ;
 Ye cannot quench the soul's deep fires, that burn within the breast.

No ; man was made for freedom, as the stars were made to shine ;
 His boldest thought be spoken—'t is his heritage divine ;
 For while the air remaineth to reverberate a sound,
 The voice of God shall never, by the voice of man, be bound.

N O .

When Vice, with her painted face, tempts thee to stray,
Bewitchingly smiling thy scruples away,
When Conscience but whispers, and passion says, Go ;
Let manhood awake and with firmness say—No.

When Mammon is god, and all offer their vow,
And Interest whispers to every soul, bow ;
When all men do wrong, and ask thee to do so,
In firmness speak out with a valiant No.

When base men for lucre their brethren enslave,
And fortune and fame seem to wait on the knave ;
When by them invited all love to forego,
Make false hearts recoil by the ring of thy No.

L A B O R .

'T is the two-edged sword of sharpness ;
'T is the boots of seven-league stride ;
'T is the stone that turns our pewter
Into gold, bright, pure and tried.
'T is the hymn all Nature's singing ;
'T is the prayer God loves to hear.
He who labors, finds an answer
To his supplications near.

THE SPRING.

She's coming from the sunny South, young daughter of the year,
To banish ev'ry cloud of grief, and dry each rolling tear;
The bloom of youth is on her cheek, and "laughter lights her
eye;"

Her presence makes the frost depart, and hoary Winter fly.
She visits ev'ry wooden hut upon the Western wild,
She gladdens ev'ry parent's heart, and kisses ev'ry child;
They scent her breath among the trees, they hear her pleasant
voice,

And as they gather up her gifts, their little hearts rejoice.
She looks upon the care-worn man, pale statue of distress,
That look is med'cine to his soul, to heal him and to bless;
Long years of sorrow, doubt and care, grow dim in her bright
beam,

And as a vision of the night, life's darkest shadows seem;
The tide of joy flows back once more, he flings his griefs away,
And, with a child-like soul, he joins his little ones at play.
She smiles upon the mountain rills, they smile to her again;
Their music rings upon the air, in wood and rocky glen.
The very buds are big with joy, the rain-drops dance with glee,
And ev'ry bending twig keeps time with tuneful harmony.
She starts the life-blood in the veins of many a branching vine,
Whose tendrils clasp the forest boughs, as sisters' arms entwine.

She 's weaving garlands for the grove, and carpets for the lea,
How noiseless is her workmanship, though beautiful to see !
She 's limning forms of beauty with a pencil made of flow'rs,
And singing joyous anthems through the sun-begilded hours.
She 's walking in the verdant wood ; she 's dancing down the lea ;
She 's coming with a blessing, too, for all the world and me.
The brooks have found their voices, and the birds a merry song,
The dead world is alive again, the old world blithe and young.
A new edition Nature prints of her immortal book,
So beautiful, the very dead are rising up to look ;
A million leaves, with illustrations elegant and new ;
Unlike all other books in this : its ev'ry statement true.

WHO ARE THIEVES ?

What stores of wealth in unfound mines,
The rich old earth contains ;
Of iron, silver, lead and gold,
What piles within her veins !

While still with bounteous harvests swell,
Our mother's undrawn breast,
Of sweetest fruit, of corn and wine,
To make each poor man blest.

What rocks to make his palace walls !
What cedars for its beams !
Our paupers might as wealthy be,
As misers in their dreams.

What woods uncut ! what fields unploughed !
The poor man is God's heir ;
Who steals his proud inheritance ?
Who is the thief, and where ?

Who locks up Nature's boundless wealth ?
Who bolts and bars the door ?
Curses upon his selfish soul,
Now and forevermore !

THE TIME HAS COME.

The time has come to stand erect
In noble, manly self-respect ;
To see the sky above our head,
To feel the ground beneath our tread ;
Unled by priests, unruled by knaves ;
No longer cringing, abject slaves.

The time has come to break the yoke,
Whatever cost the needed stroke ;
To set the toiling bondman free,
Whatever price his liberty ;
Better a few should die, than all
Be held in worse than deadly thrall.

The time has come for men to find
Their statute-book within the mind ;
To read its laws, and cease to pore
The musty tomes of ages o'er ;
Truth's golden rays its page illumine ;
Her fires your legal scrolls consume.

The time has come to preach the soul ;
No meagre shred, the manly whole.
Let agitation come ; who fears ?
We need a flood ; the filth of years
Has gathered round us. Roll then on ;
What cannot stand, had best be gone.

THE COMING DAY.

See, the twilight on the hills !
See, the leaping mountain rills !—
Comes the wish'd-for, long'd-for day,
Rolling on its sunny way.

The world's long night is fleeting now,
For young day tints the mountain brow,
And error's icy chains give way,
Before his warm and genial ray.
Hark ! swelling on the morning breeze,
What soul-entrancing symphonies !
Bright angels, from the realms away,
Are heralding the Coming Day.

Wake, drowsy earth, from sleep arise,—
Light waits to bless uplifted eyes,—
Thy mists must vanish, darkness fly,
For Truth illumines the Eastern sky ;
And lovers of the dusky night,
May hide their heads, for lo ! 'tis light !

Soldiers, lay down sword and gun,
For the work of war is done ;
Men like fiends shall act no more,
Earth be cleansed from human gore.
Strangers, foes, forever gone,
Love shall make all nations one ;
Men shall neither fight nor slay,
In the peaceful Coming Day.

Drunkards, cast away the bowl ;
Rise, dig up the buried soul.
Heaven gave you wings ; then why
Crawl a worm, when you might fly ?
Water be your drink alone ;
True men have no other known ;
Water pure as heaven's bright ray,
Emblem of the Coming Day.

Bondmen, lift your drooping eyes ;
Read your charter in the skies !
Ye are men ; your birthright claim ;
Prove ye 're worthy of the name !
Freedom rises from her grave,
Claims as hers each downcast slave ;
Chains and fetters melt away
In the joyous Coming Day.

By faith we see the shades of night
Disperse before the morning light ;
By hope we see the day arise
And gild his pathway on the skies ;
We hear that soul-enchancing strain,
And joy bounds through each throbbing vein ;
We watch and work, we wait and pray,
To bring the joyous Coming Day.

REVOLUTION.

Truth is shining, earth's awaking ;
Freedom rising, chains are breaking ;
Tyrants on their thrones are quaking,

For their reign is nearly done.
Books are coming, error leaving ;
Pen and press their past retrieving,
Swiftly fly their shuttles, weaving
All the nations into one.

Priests and creeds are retroceding,
Men the guide within are heeding ;
Ev'ry one his garden weeding,

Headlong, bigotry is hurled.
Love upspringing, hate is dying ;
Men rejoicing, knaves are sighing ;
Deadly curses fast are flying
From a renovated world.

WHAT I ONCE THOUGHT.

I once thought that Heaven was made for the few ;
That God was as vengeful as Moses the Jew ;
That millions were doomed at his bidding to dwell
Within the dark bounds of a terrible hell,
Where hope never enters, but ring on the air
The weepings and wailings of endless despair.

I once thought the Bible was God's holy word,
That reason opposing should never be heard ;
I made it my study, my ev'ry day care ;
Its falsehoods were truth, and its curses were prayer ;
To doubt, was a crime that could ne'er be forgiven,
And faith was the lever that raised us to heaven.

I once thought that Death was a monster accurst,
Of evils the greatest, the last and the worst ;
His maw, so insatiate, swallowed our race,
And left of their beauty and glory no trace ;
The grave, was a shadow-land, cheered by no Spring.
Where sat on his ice-throne, a skeleton king.

I once thought that Earth was a valley of tears,
A wilderness-world, full of sorrows and fears ;
That God's curse had blasted its beauty and grace,
And poisoned the fairest and best of the race ;
I wept as I thought of this horrible ban,
And sorrowed that God should have made me a man.
Ye fables of childhood ! my faith in you fled ;
Ye lie in the tomb with the dust-covered dead.

THE DEVIL IS DEAD.

Sigh, priests ;—cry aloud ;—hang your pulpits with black :—

Let sorrow bow down ev'ry head ;

The good friend who bore all your sins on his back,

Your best friend, the Devil, is dead.

Your church is a corpse ;—you are guarding its tomb ;

The soul of your system has fled ;

That death-knell is tolling your terrible doom ;

It tells us the Devil is dead.

'Twas knowledge gave Satan a terrible blow ;

Poor fellow, he took to his bed ;—

Alas ! orphan'd priests ! that such things should be so ;—

Your Father, the Devil, is dead.

You're bid to the funeral, ministers all,

We've dug the old gentleman's bed ;

Your black coats will make a most excellent pall,

To cover your friend who is dead.

Aye, lower him mournfully into the grave ;

Let showers of tear-drops be shed ;

Your business is gone ;—there are no souls to save ;

Their tempter, the Devil, is dead.

Woe comes upon woe ; it is dreadful to think,

Hell's gone, and the demons have fled ;

The dam'd souls have broken their chains, ev'ry link ;

The Jailor, who bound them, is dead.

Camp-meetings henceforth will be needed no more ;
Revivals are knocked on the head ;
The orthodox vessel lies stranded on shore ;
Her Captain, the Devil, is dead.

BLIND WORKERS.

As the polyp, slowly toiling,
Builds the wondrous coral hills,
Never dreaming of the office
It so dextrously fulfills ;
So the merchants and the doctors,
Cabmen, barmen, grub-worms low,
Lawyers, parsons, politicians
Toil and moil, but never know
They are building like the polyp,
'Neath the dark tumultuous wave,
Mansions for a coming people,
Noble-hearted, true and brave.

THE WORLD IS YOUNG.

The world is young, my brothers ;
We 're all here in good time.
Cease groaning, foolish preacher,
The earth is in her prime.
When did the sun shine brighter ?
Who saw the moon more fair ?
Who knew spring's breath more balmy,
More sweet the fragrant air ?
Still sing the flowing rivers,
Still chant the rolling seas,
And anthems rise to heaven
From budding forest-trees.
In nature's face no wrinkle ;
Care writes not on her brow ;
When sang the stars of morning
Less fair was she than now.
Still lives the tree of Freedom,
Whose boughs bear fruit for all,
And poison for the tyrant
Who would a soul enthrall.
We 'll sing the bright, gay world, then,
With beauty on its brow.
No Adam saw as fair a globe
As blooms around us now.

THE FREEMAN'S HYMN.

Happy the man whose soul is free
To follow truth, O God, and Thee
No creeds his soul to error chain,
He snaps the priestly bonds in twain.

The laws that thou hast made, he loves,
And this, by his obedience, proves;
Not foolish, man-made laws, but Thine;
Truthful, eternal, and divine.

His soul within no sect confined;
His church embraces all mankind;
Each day a sabbath is to him;
His life, a never-ceasing hymn.

No Bible his, by mortals penned,
Where truth and error strangely blend;
His book, the book of nature, true,
God-made, immortal, ever new.

He prays no heaven, his soul to bless,
Of everlasting idleness;
But would a useful future spend
In God-like works that know no end.

No hell of useless torment fears,
The home of agony and tears;
No devil dreads, dark god of sin,
The only evil is within.

To him the heavens thy love declare ;
The beams of morning, bright and fair ;
The stars of night, the land, the sea
Are all the teachers of the Free. ;

Thy voice he hears in ev'ry breeze,
In wild bird's song among the trees ;
And in the clouds of eve can trace
The beamings of thy smiling face.

Thou teachest him ; where'er he turns
Sweet lessons in thy school he learns ;
Of goodness, wisdom, truth and love,
Made perfect in thy school above.

WHAT IS RELIGION ?

Not masses, nor crosses, nor Catholic creeds ;
Not mumbling of aves, nor counting of beads ;
Not church-going, psalm-singing, paying of priests,
Attendance on sermons, prayer meetings, or feasts ;
Nor wearing a broad brim, and plain "thou" and "thee" ;
Or straight-collared coat, from the world's fashion free ;
It is not to kneel with a long, pious face,
Or sing solemn anthems in some holy place ;
In sect to be cradled, or on a creed nurst,
Believing that ev'ry outsider is cursed ;

That God has in heaven ordained us to dwell,
But left countless millions to drop into hell ;

Religion is love in the heart and the life,
The soother of sorrow, destroyer of strife ;
The soul's best physician,—relieves ev'ry pain,
And in her dark cavern, lights hope once again.
It curses no one who has doubts of its creed ;
It hunts up no martyrs to burn or to bleed ;
It tells of no devil with tortures and chains,
No hell of unending and horrible pains.
It seeks not to bless men, by force or by fear,
But draws them with love to a God very near.
It tells of the right, and it whispers, obey,
To happiness, Virtue alone is the way.
This world it makes happy, and then beyond this,
It points to another all sunny with bliss.
Bright heaven of beauty, how fair are thy skies !
Thou home of the good, and thou school of the wise.

WHAT MAKES A MAN ?

Not num'rous years, nor lengthened life ;
Not pretty children and a wife ;
Not pins, and chains, and fancy rings,
Nor any such like trump'ry things ;
Not pipe, cigar, nor bottled wine,
Nor liberty with kings to dine ;
Nor coat, nor boots, nor yet a hat,
A dandy vest, or trim cravat ;
Not houses, land, nor golden ore,
Nor all the world's wealth laid in store ;
Not Mister, Rev'rend, Sir, nor Squire,
With titles that the mem'ry tire ;
Not ancestry traced back to Will,
Who went from Normandy, to kill ;
Not Latin, Greek, nor Hebrew lore,
Nor thousand volumes rambled o'er.
Not Judge's robe nor Mayor's mace,
Nor crowns that deck the royal race ;
These all united never can
Avail to make a single man.

A truthful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind.
A helper of the human race,
A soul of beauty and of grace ;
A spirit, firm, erect and free,
That never basely bends the knee ;

That will not bear a feather's weight,
Of Slav'ry's chain, for small or great ;
That truly speaks from God within,
And never makes a league with sin ;
That snaps the fetters despots make,
And loves the truth for its own sake ;
That worships God and him alone,
And bows no where but at his throne ;
That trembles at no tyrant's nod,—
A soul that fears not even God,
And thus can smile at curse and ban ;—
That is the soul that makes a man.

WE'LL LABOR IN LOVE FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE.

While Ignorance darkens one heaven-made soul,
While Bigotry holds o'er a mortal control,
While slavery robs men of virtue and will,
And War has his gory hand lifted to kill,
While want can a brother's heart sorrowful make,
We' ll labor in love for Humanity's sake.

Though some that were friends, in affliction may fail,
Though bigots may frown, and like tigers assail,
Though felons may seek with the despot to bind us,
And ignorant priests, with their errors to blind us,
Though stealthy assassins our lives fain would take,
We' ll labor in love for Humanity's sake.

Till Freedom arise in her might from the grave,
And claim as her child ev'ry down trodden slave ;
Till plenty shall gladden each dwelling on earth,
And sadness and sorrow are banished by mirth ;
Till no bond remains for the freeman to break,
We' ll labor in love for Humanity's sake.

No storms shall discourage, no dangers repel ;
All goodness is with us, it can but be well.
No angel shall tempt us our duty to shirk,
No demon shall scare us from doing the work,
No mortal shall coax us our cov'nant to break,
To labor in love for Humanity's sake.

FOR REFORMERS.

BE THYSELF.

Be thyself: a nobler gospel
Never preached the Nazarene.
Be thyself; 'tis holy scripture
As the world has ever seen.

Dare to shape the thought in language
That is lying in thy brain;
Dare to launch it, banners flying,
On the bosom of the main.

What though pirate-knaves surround thee,
Nail thy colors to the mast;
Flinch not, flee not; boldly sailing,
Thou shalt gain the port at last.

Be no parrot, idly prating
Thoughts the spirit never knew;
Be a prophet of the God-sent
Telling all thy message true.

True, the sneaking world will scorn thee,
Friends may fail and fiends may frown;
Heaven itself grow dark above thee,
Gods in anger thence look down.

Heed not; there's a world more potent
Carried in thy manly heart;
Be thyself and do thy duty,
It will always take thy part.

If the God within say "well done ;"
What are other Gods to thee?
Hell 's his frown, but where his smile is,
There is heaven for the free.

MAN, WOMAN AND PRIEST.

MAN.

Groaning, weary, heavy-laden ;
Lo ! I see a weeping maiden ;
Sad and desolate she moans ;
Such distress might move the stones.
Who has dared to blast this flower—
Made such cursed use of power?
Who has bound this maid in chains?
Demons haunt him for his pains !
I will raise the drooping slave ;
Woman, rise ! Be free, be brave !
Cast thy burden to the ground ;
By chains thou shalt no more be bound.

PRIEST.

Stay thy hand ! rash fool, beware !
An Apostle placed them there ;
God himself the burden laid
On the shoulders of the maid.
Cease ! His vengeance, at a blow,
May this moment lay thee low.

MAN.

God ! what God has done this deed ?
Maker of the Hindoo creed ?
Juggernaut, whose bloody rites
Feast his soul with rare delights ?

PRIEST.

Scoffer, have you never heard
God's most holy, precious word ?
Read his laws, they all declare
Woman must the burden bear.
Man is lord of all below ;
Woman as he wills must go ;
She in all things must obey,
God hath said ; dare you gainsay ?

MAN.

I your holy book have read ;
Maiden, raise thy drooping head.
There's a holier book than yours,
Ever more its truth endures ;
He who made the earth and sea,
Wrote o'er all blest Liberty.
Who the mountains made and plains,
Never put this maid in chains.
Fish in water, bird in air,
Rills and flowers bright and fair,
Winds that blow, the humming bee,
Sing to us of Liberty.
Let your "Jewish fables" go ;
Error is the source of woe.
Nature to the world is preaching,
Listen to her truthful teaching ;
Men and women, wise and free,
Then shall come the Jubilee.

LANGSAMLAND.

Of all the spots in East or West,
I sing one stranger than the rest ;
The sun finds not in all his round,
The winds within their ample bound,
Nor yet the peeping, starry band,
A place so strange as Langsamland.

The sun arises in the west,
And slowly creeps to find his rest ;
While feebly dart his leaden rays
Through an eternal veil of haze ;
The God who made it never planned
For sunshine bright in Langsamland.

No flowers grow, no gay birds sing ;
But doleful bells are heard to ring ;
The lambkins never dare to play,
The parroquets are taught to pray ;
For piety is in demand
With all who live in Langsamland,

No sap on Sundays mounts the trees ;
Within their hives sit moping bees ;
The whistling winds are fast asleep,
And silence reigns o'er all the deep ;
No wave dares dash upon the strand
When Sunday comes to Langsamland.

What people dwell within the place?
A rueful, woeful, groaning race :
All pleasure is a deadly sin ;
Of him who dares to walk therein
The devil waits to take the hand—
So say the folks of Langsamland.

They ever mourn the golden Past,
Their eyes upon its glories cast ;
The Present publicly deplore,
And what the future has in store.
The Past was great, and good, and grand—
So say the folks of Langsamland.

A myriad priests within it dwell,
Who preach of judgment, heaven, hell,
A God of love who killed his son
To heal the mischief man had done,
A devil with his sable band—
So teach the priests of Langsamland.

If ye would feel the glow of youth—
If ye would see the sun of Truth,
A joy receive all joy transcends,
Then break your bands and leave, my friends,
To owls and bats—night-loving band—
The gloomy vales of Langsamland.

WHAT I ASK FOR.

I ask not, Nabobs, for your halls,
Your coffers, or your state ;
I ask not for the menials,
That at your pleasure wait ;
I ask not for the cringing bows,
That fawning spaniels give,
Whose servile spirits never knew
The aim for which I live.

I ask but for my share of land.
With honest hands to till,
Supplying thus my daily needs,
Frown Fortune as she will.
Give me but this, I'll gain all else,
Healthy, contented, free ;
God's sun and rain, his frost and snow
Shall ever work for me.

THE ADVENT OF FREEDOM.

'Twas Summer eve ; the soft wind rocked to sleep the
nodding flowers,

While busy insects sang their loves within the arching
bowers.

I wandered forth from man's hot town ; t'was heav'n
on earth to me.

To lie upon the fragrant grass, beneath the spreading
tree.

As sank the sun in glory down behind the crimson
West.

Arose, upon my fading sight, the star of evening, blest ;
And lo ! enlarging as I looked, it seemed a golden crown,
Upon an angel's head upborne, who thus came flying
down.

She cast a glance that thrilled me, as beneath the tree I
lay ;

Unwittingly I followed, as she gently led the way.

She lifted up a cottage latch, how pleasantly she smiled,
And shook the peasant's horny hand, and kissed his
 ruddy child,

"My blessing on ye breathers of the fresh, free, country
 air ;

Be manly, and be bold," she said ; "be bold to do and
 dare ;

Though tyrant knaves may rivet chains, your toil shall
 give you strength ;

And ev'ry fetter shall ye tread beneath your feet at
 length."

She visited the city ; but she left the gay and proud,
And sought a little attic, all unnoticed by the crowd,
Where sat a youth, whose sparkling eyes revealed the
 inward fire,

Which kindled in the bosom once, can never more ex-
 pire.

She laid her hand upon his brow : "Go forth, my son,"
 said she,

"I make thee Captain of the hosts that fight for Liberty."

She passed a gloomy prison, and her face put on a frown ;
The rusty bars of iron, at her presence melted down ;

The treble-bolted doors flew back, that closed the gloomy cell ;

Out sprang the trembling prisoner, a man, with men to dwell.

Her eye beheld the gallows, and it rotted to the ground,
While crowds of legal murd'ers in amazement looked around.

She spread her pinions for the South, the bondman raised his head ;

For though his manhood bleeding lay, Hope, lingering, had not fled.

The planter saw, and drew his knife, with fury in his eye,

And swore, with fearful oaths, that he would hold his slave or die.

A shadow crossed her blooming face ; she left the land of thrall,

Where bondmen find their sweetest drink is bitterer than gall.

"The church will gladly aid me now, no doubt," the angel said,

And thither on her pinions swift, the blest deliv'rer fled.

'T was Sabbath, and the priest beheld her coming to the
place,

He closed the door, and hastened forth, and cursed her
to her face ;

" Begone," he said, " why thus disturb our church's holy
rest? "

Thou breeder of continual strife, we can have no such
guest ;

Then banned her from the " Holy Book," " base, hell-
born wretch," said he,

" God dwells within our walls, we have no room for Lib-
erty."

Indignantly I heard him speak, I felt my brain on fire ;

" Base utterer of pious lies," I shouted in my ire ;

But Freedom turned, as thus I spoke, with chiding look,
to me ;

I started, it was night profound, I lay beneath the tree ;
Night's crescent fires were blazing bright, and in their
starry gleam

I wandered home to ponder on the meaning of my dream.

DO RIGHT.

'T is wisest and best at all times to do right ;
In brightness of sunshine, or darkness of night ;
For sorrow and woe are companions of Sin,
When Virtue walks out, then they quickly fly in ;
No rest is there henceforth, by day or by night,
For him who has wandered away from the Right.

Do right, in each heart says a sweet angel voice ;
Obey, and in sorrow you still may rejoice ;
A rill, in your wand'rings, will always be nigh,
And there you may drink, when the fountains are dry ;
For Joy, like an angel, is ever in sight,
To bless with her presence the doer of Right.

Do right, though the wrong may seem pleasant and good
Though right may seem hard, it is well that it should ;
The harder the right is, the sweeter 't will be,
To know we have conquered, and henceforth, are free.
The glorious warrior, boldest in fight,
Is he, who in trial, abides by the Right.

For him sing the birds, aye their merriest tune ;
For him spring the flowers in April and June ;
For him opens Morning the gates of the day ;
For him, walks the moon on her star-lighted way ;
The fingers of Sorrow are never so light,
As when they are laid on the doer of Right.

Do right, though a crowd of mean cowards do wrong ;
A child, in the right, is as Hercules, strong,
The pathway is steep, and few trav'lers are there ;
The prospect, how pleasant ! how balmy the air !
Then up, like the eagle that soars in his flight ;
Heaven's mansions are built on the mountain of Right.

DEDICATED TO GRUMBLERS.

'Tis true, the world is very bad,
No mortal soul can blink it ;
But then, it's not so deadly vile
As some fault-finders think it.

All poor men are not whining knaves,
Nor robbers all our rich men.
Reformers, clearing off the track,
Be careful where you pitch men !

All parsons are not crafty priests,
Proud, lying, base deceivers—
Guides who for pay, lead far astray
Their band of firm believers.

All lawyers are not gabbling rogues,
Intent alone on plunder,
Who, for a dollar, scale the mount
Of Jove, and steal his thunder.

Our legislative halls are not
Sodoms without a Lot in ;
Though you will find, of members there,
Few groups without a sot in.

The mass so vile, at Washington,
The devil finds no fault in,
Would drop asunder, were it not
That there's a pinch of salt in.

No doubt, dark shadows cross the earth,
Scarce liven'd by a straylight;
But how is it, these shades are seen?
We live in Virtue's daylight.

The deeds at which our fathers smiled,
Nor thought a man the worse for,
We look upon with deep disgust,
And give our direst curse for.

The world is but a school-boy yet,
That each day learns a letter,
And all the time is striding on;
Thus, daily growing better.

Then cease this everlasting growl;
Be gentle, kind and tender;
And, since the world is bad, let's join,
And do our best to mend her.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

Ever there floats before the real,
The bright and beautiful ideal ;
And as to guide the sculptor's hand,
The living forms of beauty stand,
Till from the rough-hewn marble starts
A thing of grace in all its parts—

So, ever stands before the soul,
A model, beautiful and whole—
The perfect man that each should be.
Erect in true integrity.
Keep this, O soul, before thy sight,
And form the inward man aright !

THE ONCOMING EDEN OF GLORY.

We travel not back for the Eden of old,
Bright garden so famous in story,
But forward, to gain, with the noble and bold,
The oncoming Eden of Glory.

Its gates are aye open, and no cherub stands
To guard with a flame-sword, its portals ;
But angelic bands are outstretching their hands
To welcome home timorous mortals.

On low bending trees hang ambrosial fruits,
'Mid leaves for the sick nations healing,
And paradise birds, breathing music like lutes,
Are heavenly secrets revealing.

There famishing spirits unfed by a crumb,
Who secretly pine in their sorrow,
Shall banquet with Gods, in that Eden to come,
Unhaunted by thoughts of to-morrow.

The weary soul there on a flowery bank lies ;
Peace, henceforth, he claims for a mother ;
The sleep of a baby steals over his eyes,
And angels think dreams for their brother.

The down-trodden felon, forsaken and sad,
Love-strengthened, scales boldly the mountain ;
He bathes in the streams that the weary make glad,
And quenches his thirst at the fountain.

The sin-clouds unroll from his purified soul,
As mists from the brow of the morning ;
The unsullied spirit, resplendent and whole,
Shines forth in its native adorning.

There Love, like the sun, sheds his beams upon all,
And soul-buds expand into flowers ;
Spring brightens to summer, but winter and fall
Breathe not on its amaranth bowers.

We travel not back then for Eden of old,
Bright garden so famous in story,
But forward, to gain, with the noble and bold,
This oncoming Eden of Glory.

THOUGHTS.

Thoughts, gentle thoughts, are springing like the flow'rs
in smiling May ;

Bright earth-stars, fair and golden, with a blessing in
each ray ;

They gladden childhood in its dance along life's verdant
lanes,

And soothe the years of manhood, in its time of toils and
pains ;

No desert soul so barren, but they beautify the spot ;

And where they fail to germinate, there God himself is
not.

Thoughts, holy thoughts, like stars arise, when night
enwraps the soul ;

Or beacon lights above the sea, when waves of sorrow
roll ;

They close the door on vanity, they shut out lust and
pride,

Like fairest angels, wandering forever at our side ;

To ev'ry soul of earth, they give a seraph's burning
wings,

And far above the gates of morn, she soars aloft and sings.

Thoughts, dreadful thoughts, at midnight come, the soul
a drifting wreck ;

Their hurried footsteps pacing up and down the sound-
ing deck ;

When dark misdeeds within the hold, weigh down the
ship like lead—

The creaking timbers groaning like the ghosts of trou-
bled dead,

While gaping waves around it for possession seem to
fight ;

From thoughts like these, God save us, in the lonely
hour of night !

Thoughts come like Spanish galleons, with treasures
o'er the sea,

With richest jewels freighted ; priceless presents for
the free :

Each soul is on the tip-toe, when their gallants touch
the sky,

And hearts with high hopes laden, greet those vessels
drawing nigh

Each noble ship be favored, then, its destined port to win,

And Heaven's breath safe waft it, with its precious car-
go in.

Thoughts come like blazing comets, 'thwart the gloomy
ev'ning sky,

And wonder-stricken millions look with terror up on
high ;

They dread lest ev'ry fabric, on this God-made earth,
should fall ;

Lest comet so portentous should destroy and ruin all.

But thoughts, too, have their orbit, all eccentric though
they look ;

No waver in their burning track, unwritten in the book.

Thoughts come like avalanches, from the lofty mountain
brow ;

The cedars, firm and migh'y, with their sturdy branches
bow ;

The rocky, moss-grown castles fall, no turrets left un-
thrown,

While loud above the thundering, comes Superstition's
groan.

All hoary-headed wrongs are swept, like feathers on the
blast,

Into oblivion's deepest gulf, where sleeps "the worn-out
past."

Thoughts come like shocks electric, from the battery of
Truth,

To strengthen manhood's nerves of steel, and fire the
pulse of youth ;

They wake to action virtues that have long been left to
sleep ;

And stir the soul's calm fountain, to its silent, slumb'ring
deep ;

They blast each growing error, with their deadly lightning stroke,
And leave its stricken carcass, like a rifted mountain oak.

Thoughts yoke themselves like fiery steeds, and drag
the world along ;

Woe to the stumbling-blocks that would its onward
march prolong !

Vain ; tyrants, despots, slaveocrats, its course ye cannot stay !

Resistless as the Universe, it moves upon its way.

Dash on, brave Thoughts, in storm or shine, in day, or
darkest night !

The goal we're destined yet to reach, is LOVE, and TRUTH,
and RIGHT.

THE FUTURE DAY.

The dawn of the glorious day is here,
Foretold by the voice of the ancient seer ;
That far down the vista of future years,
Through gathering clouds to his soul appears :
And Hope, with a joyous tone, sweetly sings
Its glories, till earth with her music rings ;
That day when lost Eden shall be restored ;
The Universe bow to its rightful Lord ;
When Mercy shall drop from the beaming skies,
And men shall be holy and truly wise ;
For Joy shall enliven the fleeting hours,
And Love shall encircle the earth with flow'rs,
And Beauty shall spring up on every side,
To fill with its glory the green earth wide ;
When Concord the wounds of the world shall bind,
And man shall a brother in each man find,
The chain of the felon shall melt in twain,
And sorrow disperse like the falling rain ;
When War and its thunders forever shall cease,
And heaven shall echo an anthem of peace ;
When Truth, as the sun in his might, shall shine,
And gladden each soul with a light divine,
Error shall flee, like a night-bird, away,
And nought dim the luster of that bright day.

LIBERTY'S STAR.

When Liberty's dream haunts the sleep of the slave,
And angels are whispering, "Brother, be brave;"
When, daring the weight of the slaveholder's ban,
He flees to obtain all the rights of a man,
How gladly thy beams greet his sight from afar!
His growing soul leaps to see Liberty's Star.

The bloodhound is baying, a wolf's on his track;
"Ho! dead or alive, bring the fugitive back."
He sinks to the earth, he is ready to die;
But bright from the heavens thy beam greets his eye;
New life fills his veins, and his foes are afar!
With tears he thanks God for thee, Liberty's star.

The Cross of the South may be fair to the eye,
The Milky Way's gems may bespangle the sky;
The Comet may range through the heavens, and light,
With glorious train, half the circle of night;
But steadier, better and brighter, by far,
Is th' hope of the fugitive, Liberty's Star.

APPEAL TO AMERICA.

Freedom's proud daughter, why
Hug Slavery to thy breast ?
Let the foul reptile die ;
So may thy land have rest.

Wash from thy country's page
The dark, accursed blot ;
Let not another age
Behold the damning spot.

Stand in your strength, O men !
Bow to the wrong no more ;
Free this fair land again,
As ye have done before.

Rise in your might divine ;
Be ev'ry dark cloud furl'd ;
America shall shine,
The pole-star of the world.

ANTHEM OF THE FREE.

There's a song the rills are singing,
As they ramble through the glen ;
Echoes from the hills are rolling
Their sweet voices back again.
There's a hymn the birds are chanting,
As they flit from tree to tree ;
Nature loves its joyous music ;
'Tis the Anthem of the Free.

Roll the wild waves to its numbers,
As the free winds o'er them sweep ;
Gambol gaily in its spirit,
All the tenants of the deep ;
To its notes the bees are humming,
Working on the verdant lea ;
Ev'rywhere is Nature ringing
With the Anthem of the Free.

Start we then, from death-like slumber,
As its heart-tones reach the ear :
Spring to life, resolves long lying
In our bosoms, cold and sere.
Henceforth we are slaves no longer ;
Up, on unchained pinions flee !
Swell the everlasting chorus,
God's sweet Anthem of the Free.

ON BEING ASKED TO TAKE THE OATH
OF ALLEGIANCE.

What ! swear myself a Godless knave ?
A tyrant o'er the trembling slave ?
 A bloodhound for the southern band,
 That hunt the bondman through our land ?
To strangle Truth, to murder Love,
And to the vulture give the dove ?
 To cast out Pity from my heart,
 And bid all manliness depart ?
My right hand from my body sever,
Ere I be Slav'ry's minion, ever !

I swear to fight till Error dies,
'Till Slav'ry's rotten carcass lies
 A stench to all beneath the sun,
 And Freedom's latest field is won.
I swear to spare no manly stroke
To break the proud oppressor's yoke,
 To let no sun pass o'er my head,
 Without some word for Freedom said :
Some action done to raise the slave,
And send Oppression to its grave.

SLAVERY.

Let Slav'ry spread her ample sails,
And boldly float with fav'ring gales,
Some undiscovered land to gain,
And sow the smiling soil with pain ;
Her pirate hold filled to the deck
With sad humanity a wreck ;
The storm is gath'ring that shall sweep
Her rifted timbers o'er the deep.

The night is pregnant with the day ;
The storm is father of the calm ;
And battle's hot and bloody fray
Heralds the conqueror's crowning palm.

WRECK OF HUMANITY.

Wreck of humanity, on 'he world's ocean,
Tossed by the billows in angry commotion;
Driven by howling winds, driven like foam,
Black heaven scowling, no hope, and no home;

Breakers around him, a rock-girded shore;
Death-dirges chant the wild waves as they roar,
"Ours, the mariner! ours, make room!
On floats the mariner, on to his doom."

Lowers, to press him, the thunderous sky;
Clutch him the waves, as they madly leap by;
Hope sinks behind a dark cloud in the West;
S'arless the gloom in his desolate breast.

Light trembles over the wilderness sea;
Hope yet, my soul! No, it never can be.
God! am I dying, or is it a dream?
Fair as the morning, and bright as its beam

Comes a sweet angel with love on her brow,
Guiding a life-boat with star-lighted prow.
Joy! for bright day has succeeded the night;
Joy! for the haven of life is in sight.

THE TRUE LIGHT.

'T was first-day morn, the sun shone bright,
And, as a god, dispensed his light ;
The city in its lucid beam,
Was fair as heaven in a dream ;
A stillness reigned as night profound,
Unbroken by a single sound,
'Till from a hundred steeples high,
Whose proud heads seemed to prop the sky,
A thousand bells rang on the air,
"Come, people, to the house of prayer."
And as the call went far and wide,
I saw a living, human tide,
A well-dressed, well-fed, smiling throng,
Pouring with golden books along,
I followed to a temple fair,
Whose gilt dome floated in the air ;
Through windows stained the dim light stole,
And beauty gladdened ev'ry soul ;
The organ's peal swept through the aisle,
In tones would make an angel smile ;
Now, soft as is a fairy strain,
Then, "groaning like a god in pain."

When Music's silver voice was dumb,
And Silence to her temple come,
I heard the priest in accents loud,
Address the large, attentive crowd.
He said : "My friends, this truth is clear ;
All die in sin who come not here ;
For Peter will the gate unlock
To none but our believing flock ;
All else are heretics beside,
For whom Christ neither lived nor died.
The Pope 's the God-appointed head ;
By him to life ye shall be led ;
Nor with the goats—a num'rous band—
Be found at last on God's left hand."
He ended ; and I turned away
From the proud temple's grand display.

Attracted by a pleasing sound,
A humbler building then I found,
And heard one preach from "Christ the way."
"My friends," he said, "'t is clear as day,
Who make the Pope their god are wrong ;
A fearful truth they'll find ere long.
Christ is alone the living way,
Our leader to the realms of Day.

By him we 're washed from ev'ry stain ;
In him we all are born again ;
We have the witness from above,
And know, and feel, that God is love.
How dark the soul without this light !
Its pathway shrouded by the night,
Lies hard upon the brink of hell,
Where spirits unredeemed must dwell."

In search of Truth, I bent my way,
And many more I heard that day.
One said, " We fell in Adam's fall ;"
And one, " We never fell at all."
One said, with solemn shake and nod,
There is a trinity in God,
Disbelief in which who cherish,
Everlastingly shall perish."
And straight I heard another cry,
" The trinity 's a Pagan lie,
A thing the Scriptures never mention,
A foolish, heathenish invention."
" The sinner must forever dwell,"
I heard one say, " in blackest hell ;"
Another, then, at once declared,
That Heaven would by all be shared

"Within the Holy book I've read,
This is the way to life," he said ;
Another, with succeeding breath,
Exclaimed, " That is the road to death."

A trav'ler then, which way to go,
Bewildered thus, I did not know.
With anxious doubts, my mind oppressed,
Where could I go for light and rest ?
For darkness spread her vail around,
And wrapped my soul in night profound.
'T was then I saw—or did I dream ?
I saw a Light like morning beam ;
An angel form unto me came,
Whose wings were tipped with ambient flame.
He said : " I come to guide thy youth,
And lead thee in the path of Truth.
All thou hast seen are somewhat right,
Though none walk fully in the Light ;
A vail shuts out her brightest ray,
That priests care not to tear away.
Thou hast within thy soul a light,
Can chase away the gloom of night ;
A map by heavenly wisdom planned,
To lead thee to the Better Land.

Then look WITHIN, for God is there,
And cease to wander anywhere ;
And thou wilt then this truth be shown :
God's love no little sect can own ;
The soul sincere, wherever found,
On Christian or on heathen ground,
Is blessed by him who made the skies,
And finds acceptance in his eyes.
Be ev'ry deed in kindness wrought,
And nobly live thy purest thought ;
Then God shall smile, and angels bright,
Forever bring thee new delight.
Be this thy drink, be this thy food,
Ever to labor, doing good ;
So shall thy soul renew its youth,
And thou be one with God and Truth."

THE SOUL'S PAST AND PRESENT.

My youthful days were days of joy — of free and care-
less mirth ;

And heaven seemed as true to me, as ever did the earth.
Tha "Land of Promise" lay before my bright, uncloud-
ed eye ;

I longed for wings, that I might to its vernal bowers fly.

But dark days came, of fear and doubt, my soul's bright
hopes lay dead ;

And, as the early morning dew, my beauteous visions
fled ;

Like mountains, unbelief rose up, and shut out heaven's
blue sky,

And to my soul a harsh voice said, "Thou too art born
to die."

I was upon the ocean launched ; dark, stormy was the
night,

And not a star put forth a ray to bless my aching sight ;

My anchor lost, the wild winds swept me unresisting on,

And o'er my bark, despairing waves rolled ever and
anon.

But lo! the morning star of Hope arises in the sky,
And back the darkly gathering clouds before her presence fly;

My youthful heav'n comes back to me, still brighter than before,

And, plainly, as the fields of earth, I see the golden shore;

Sweet voices from the Spirit Land are whisp'ring in my ear;

They bid me walk the path of Right, and banish ev'ry fear;

They warble to me joyous strains, brought from the choirs above,

The "vale of tears" becomes to me a paradise of love.

Our Father's mansion stands before my soul's enraptured sight,

I see bright spirits walk the fields of everlasting light;
And though these visions pass away — these angel forms depart,

I will rejoice, for heaven has left its impress on my heart.

COMFORT FOR THE MOURNER.

There is a garden where evermore bloom
The flowers of beauty that vanish below ;
They scent the glad air with a precious perfume,
And unfold in eternity's glow ;
Then banish the shadows of sorrow away ;
Our Father transplants the sweet flowers he gave ;
To heaven's bright garden, this life is the way,
And its gate is the desolate grave.

There is a world where there breathes not a blight,
The light heart of joy knows no shadow of woe ;
There ring on the ear the sweet songs of delight,
More melodious than any below ;
Peace, gentle peace, sways her sceptre of love,
While, round her pure throne, all the bright angels fly ;
But, O, that blest haven lies far, far above !
And to reach it, the body must die.

There is a place where departed souls dwell ;
The home of our Father, how pleasant and fair !
His children, ALL meet round the board, and they swell
Through the mansion a heavenly air.
Happy are they, from the cares of earth fled,
Their joy, evermore, unalloyed by a gloom ;
Then weep not in sorrow for those who are dead,
For the door of that home is the tomb.

MY LAMB.

I had a Lamb from our Father's fold,
More dear to me than the finest gold ;
Its fleece was whiter than driven snow,
And pure as streams from the mountain flow ;
Its eye was clear as the glist'ning dew,
Where love looked out at those windows blue :
And I was happy as man could be,
Whene'er those starry eyes beamed on me.

We roamed together at morning's dawn,
With glad steps over the jewelled lawn ;
We crossed the valleys, and climbed the hills,
And drank with birds at the crystal rills ;
Earth was greener, more bright the sky,
Fairer all things when that Lamb was nigh.

At eve, when weary we sank to rest,
Its head was pillowed upon my breast ;
'T was then I heard the celestial song ;
Of heaven my dreams were the blest night long,
Angels watched o'er my Lamb and me,
Rounding the night with their melody.

But veiled in gloom were my glad dreams, when
Our Father sent for his lamb again.
I strove to keep her, but Death said : " No ;
The Shepherd calls, and the Lamb must go !
But though I take her, it is in love ;
She goes to feed with the flocks above.

The pastures there are forever green,
And streams unfailing flow on between ;
There dwells the Shepherd whose name is Love,
Around him gath'ring the blest above ;
Then sorrow not for the dear one dead."
'T was thus the spirit deliv'rer said ;
And Hope with angel voice whispered then,
" Weep not, thou wilt find thy Lamb again."

A PSALM OF 'THE PRESENT.

Tell me not that inspiration
Died with Jewish bard and seer ;
That the present generation
Only finds its mournful bier.

Tell me not, the Past, all cheerful,
Reaped when Truth was in her prime ;
But the Present, sad and tearful,
Gleans the fields of olden time.

Tell me not that heaven's portals
Closed when Science had her birth ;
And since then the fair immortals
Have not visited the earth ;

That the ever-loving angels
Ceased their songs long, long ago,
And they herald sweet evangels
Nevermore to those below.

For the fount of life supernal
Feeds unnumbered earthly springs ;
And the joys that are eternal,
To the waiting spirit brings.

Come to us the friends who vanished—

Left us weeping on the shore ;

Eden's garden find the banished,

Eat, and live forevermore.

Manhood's vanguard scales the mountain,

Heaven opens to their view :

Weary trav'lers, by the fountain —

Up ! and gird yourselves anew.

Build your churches, they are ours,

By a law ye have not known ;

Raise your steeples, flank your towers !

Truth shall claim them for her own.

Marble, be the solid walls,

Granite, the foundation stone ;

Error, build thy princely halls !

Truth shall claim them for her own.

MY FORTUNE.

I'm heir to no fortune, no lordly estate ;
No child of the wealthy, the proud, or the great ;
No slave calls me master, no tenant a lord ;
No low-bending vassals e'er eat at my board ;
No cellars have I, overflowing with wine,
From Moselle, Oporto, or world-renowned Rhine ;
No sums in the bank, and no stock in the field ;
No gran'ries to fill with what harvests may yield ;
No gall'ry of pictures by masters renowned,
Dependent in halls, by the beautiful crowned ;
Nor beauty nor fashion e'er come at my call,
To garland a feast, or to dance at a ball.

"Thou'rt Poverty's child, and hast ever been so."
I think of my treasures, and answer ye, No.
God's palace is mine, with its high dome of blue,
Its curtains, the clouds, with the light peeping through ;
My carpet, the flower-spangled meadow and lea,
And merry birds warble sweet music for me,

The clouds drop me nectar, the rocks distil wine;
Then never for less worthy drink shall I pine;
While nature supplies me with fruits of the field,
I long not for aught that Intemp'rance can yield.

My pictures are landscapes, unfading and true,
Each set in a frame of magnificent blue;
The Master, who painted, retouches them still;
No mark of his pencil but tells of his skill;
Each moment they change, and new beauties unfold;
Now tinted with lead, and then burnished like gold;
I view them at morning, night's curtain undrawn,
The lake and the mountain, the wood and the lawn,
When gently the breath of the murmuring breeze,
Comes laden with fragrance from blossoming trees.
When slowly the sunlight retires in the West,
And sweet to the lab'rer comes coolness and rest,
The moon lights each scene with her silvery ray,
The night has a glory unknown to the day;
When bright in the meadow the fire-flies glance,
And look through the leaves, like the stars in a dance,
While spirits unseen whisper Hope in my ear,
And earth is so lovely that heaven seems near.

My cot is but lowly, yet Peace abides there,
And Health, joyous maiden, with cheek ever fair;

Love smiles on me joyously all the day long,
And Hope ever sings a melodious song.
I'm rich in a happy and peaceable mind,
A soul whose pulse beats for the bliss of mankind.
I'm rich in a love of the good and the true ;
Such riches bring pleasures and bliss ever new ;
I'm rich in the hope of an endless delight,
Where sin cannot enter, nor sorrow, nor night ;
Where paltry gold wins not a soul from its truth,
But goodness lives ever in beautiful youth ;
There God has provided an infinite store,
And riches untold shall be mine evermore.

THE SONG OF BEAUTY.

There's Beauty in the rolling stream, as dancing on its way,
The blue-bells and the violets drink vigor from its spray ;
The green trees greet it with a smile, the birds sing to its praise,
While sweetest echoes roll along its banks their joyous lays.
There's Beauty in the rolling stream, Beauty all around ;
You cannot wander anywhere, where Beauty is not found.

The gorgeous hues that deck the sky, the rainbow's beauteous arch,

The golden, fleecy clouds above, forever on the march,

The jewell'd stars, those eyes of night, what beauty in their glance,

As leads the moon the fair ones out to join the nightly dance !

There's Beauty in the azure sky, Beauty all around ;

You cannot wander anywhere, where beauty is not found.

The dimpled waves in merry chase, along the briny shore,

What beauteous shells they scatter on the blue sea's sandy floor !

What beauty in the coral caves, where mermaids dwell below,

And bright pearls gleam, those ocean stars, with everlasting glow.

There's Beauty in the sounding sea, Beauty all around ;

You cannot wander anywhere, where Beauty is not found.

How lovely is the mountain cot, for Beauty's home is there,

The stream, the meadow and the wood, combine to make it fair.

'Tis garlanded with roses round, and smiling children play,

And chase the bees and butterflies, throughout the summer day.

There's Beauty in the lowly cot, Beauty all around ;

You cannot wander anywhere, where Beauty is not found.

WINTER IS DEAD.

Winter is dead,
Gone to his bed,
And clustering v'lets bloom over his head.

Long was his reign ;
Noble and swain,
For weary months prayed for deliv'rance in vain.

Spring, young and sweet,
Would the king greet ;
He fell a cold corpse at the young maiden's feet.

Green was his shroud ;
Wept the young cloud,
While winds spake their griefs to the heavens aloud.

By the stars dim,
Buried we him.
Where blue-birds are chanting his funeral hymn,

THE SEASONS.

Spring came, a maiden young and fair,
Unbound to the winds her silken hair ;
Her kirtle green was trimmed with blue,
Her footstep light as falling dew.

'T was morning ; on yon distant hill
She stood one moment, all was still ;
Then sang so sweet an anthem there,
That heaven seemed to fill the air,
And flowers, buried in the ground,
Woke up to hear the joyous sound ;
While young buds startled, with surprise,
Opened in haste their wond'ring eyes ;
And list'ning birds, in grove and glen,
Repeated that sweet strain again.
Her breath was fragrance on the air,
That floated down the valley fair,
Distilling in each tiny cup,
By ev'ry infant flow'r held up ;
Whence bees, who know the honey bells,
Transferred its sweetness to their cells.

What joy was there along her route !
The old woods hung their banners out,
And by her side, with tinkling feet,
The young rills danced to music sweet,
While spreading from her steps was seen,
A living carpet, em'rald green —
A path for summer's gorgeous queen.

Within a chariot of light,
Whose winged steeds out-rode the night,
Thus, driving o'er her wide domain,
The goddess came with royal train.
A velvet robe of varied hue,
Around her lovely form she drew,
Its colors brighter than the skies,
Enriched by glowing sunset dyes ;
Her brow, by Beauty's own hand graced,
A diadem of stars embraced,
Whose rays, swift heralds, went before,
Proclaiming her to ev'ry shore.
" She comes ! she comes, with opened hand,
To scatter blessings on your land."
Then, by her maids of royal birth,
She gave her largess to the Earth.
They wove for man the fragrant bow'rs,
Those calm retreats in sunny hours,

Where liquid waves of music roll,
To lift the sinking human soul ;
Then, in the city, dark and dim,
With sweetest voices, called to him.
Their laughter swept the orchard through,
The blossoms fell, the apples grew,
The cherries blushed, and from their beds,
The scarlet berries raised their heads ;
And o'er the fields of paly gold,
The mimic waves in beauty rolled.
They banished sorrow, pain and sighs,
They called down beauty from the skies,
And hand-in-hand with her they played,
Through flow'ry nook and bow'ry shade,
Nor thought of else till Autumn came ;
A staid, demure and thoughtful dame.
Her damsels on their shoulders bear,
The downy peach, the juicy pear,
And purple grape, the fruit divine,
Whose flasks contain the purest wine,
The golden grain, in drooping sheaves,
They bore beneath the farmer's eaves ;
Within his mines laid up a store
Of daily life's most needed ore.
They set the verdant woods aflame ;
Each tree a burning bush became ;

While sang the winds, with solemn sound
"Take off thy shoes, 'tis holy ground."

But Autumn fled when from the North
Came Winter's stormy mandate forth ;
His icy scepter, held on high,
Is felt and feared by earth and sky.
His word is law, and at his will,
The world's wild pulse is standing still.
A thousand dashing streamlets hear ;
They stop, and hold their breath for fear ;
From spreading clouds the white leaves fall,
With crystal foliage covered all,
And swiftly wrap, from head to feet,
The dead earth in her winding sheet.
As through the wood its echoes rin ;
The trembling birds forget to sing :
And man, the lord of all, turns pale,
When Winter's voice comes on the gale.

But Spring is hast'ning on apace,
She'll take old hoary Winter's place ;
She'll cheer the earth with light and song,
And make her life's blood dance along ;
She'll garland hill and dale and plain,
And make this old world young again.

FUTURE LIFE.

Shall trees live for ages, and garnish the ground,
In verdure and beauty and gladness abound ?
Shall they enjoy life for a thousand long years,
Unburdened with sorrows, untroubled by fears ?
And yet man, the noblest of earth, sea and skies,
The upright; the thoughtful, the God-like and wise—
Shall he, like a flower, but live for a day,
Unfold, like a rose, and then wither away ?
Or dance, like a bubble, awhile on the wave,
Look joyous a moment, then sink in the grave ?
Oh no, for Eternity calls him her son ;
His circuit of glory he ever shall run ;
The heavens present him their infinite store,
The years of the Highest are his evermore.
Released from the clay, the immortal shall rise,
Till Earth floats beneath him, a speck in the skies ;
The bright stars of even shall golden steps be,
And he shall ascend to the realms of the free.

FREEDOM FOR THE BOUND.

Freedom for the bondman pining wearily away ;
 His dungeon'd soul still sighing for the blessed light of day.
 From Carolina's fields of rice, in Mississippi's cane,
 Their groans ascend to heaven, and their sweat descends like rain;
 Virginian ploughing sadly in another's field of corn,
 And Texan picking cotton by the light of early morn.

Freedom for the bondman bent at superstition's shrine,
 With bandaged eyes imploring that the sun of truth may shine,
 To deaf Gods he has conjured up from error's depths profound,
 While devils that his fears have made, like wolves are howling
 Mahomedan of Mecca, and the Catholic of Rome, [round
 The Hindoo in his distant land, the Methodist at home.

Freedom for the bondmaid chained to Fashion's rolling car,
 A willing captive taken by a "nation from afar."
 She goes where freedom cannot live; the false supplants the true
 And Gods are daily worshipped that our fathers never knew ;
 The lady in her satin, riding daintily with pride ;
 The maiden in her calico who'd fain be by her side.

Freedom for the bondmaid, slave to Bible and to creed,
 Who hugs the chains that weigh her down and make her spirit
 bleed.

"Thus saith the Lord," and "thus saith Paul," her tyrant masters
 Who hold the rod if she presume her Lord to disobey; [they,
 The maiden in her teens who never dares her soul to trust,
 The matron dying while she lives a sacrifice to lust.

The jubilee be sounded over river, land and sea,
And echo brings the joyous shout that tells a planet free.
All prison doors are open, drops to earth the severed chain,
And glory streams from heaven like the sunbeams after rain.
Free men, free women walk the earth as spotless as the snow,
All mis'ry dies, for vice has fled, and heaven's begun below.

ADVICE TO A FRIEND.

Never say the sky is black, when thou dost think it blue ;
Never speak another's thought unless thou know it true.
Never walk along a road, because by others trod ;
Be true unto thyself, my friend, and thou art true to God.
Do right, whatever others do ; though all are slaves, be free.
Walk straight, however others walk ; and thou shalt noble be.
If others choose to set up gold, and cry, It is a god,
There is no need, though thousands bow, that thou shouldst there-
fore nod ;
Stand firm, erect in manhood's might, though millions humbly bow
Then, though but one man in the world, that one man will be thou.

TO THE SUN.

Roll on, bright orb of day !
I would not for a moment stay,
Nor selfishly keep back thy cheerful ray,
But rather speed thee on thy journey far away.

Thine is a joyful round,
Gladd'ning all hearts where man is found,
Dispensing light and glory all around,
And making deserts drear with plenty to abound,

Then go, by Mercy sped,
And shine on all by mercy fed ;
On youth's bright locks and age's hoary head,
On saint and sinner be thy golden blessings shed.

Teach them to copy thee ;
With " good to all," their motto free,
While looking on thy smiling face, they see
That thy Creator wills, all men should happy be.

WILLIAM AND MARY.

" My Mary, will you go with me,
In foreign lands to roam ;
And leave your bonny mountain cot,
And leave your Highland home ;
Your father, old and gray, Mary,
Your mother leave for me,
And with your William wander off
Across the stormy sea ?

The cosy fire-side will you leave,
So pleasant and so warm,
Where loving hearts have nestled down
In many a winter's storm ;
Where tales of olden time go round,
With mirth, and song and glee ;
Oh ! can you leave it, my sweet love,
And go along with me ?

The old church bells will sweetly ring ;
Their voice you will not hear ;
And bonny birds will blithely sing,
But you will not be near ;
The heather on the hills will bloom,
Its fragrance scent the loe ;
The meadow will be spangled o'er,
You 'll not be there to see."

" Oh ! now, my William, say no more ;
 Whatever may betide,
There is no blast the world can blow,
 Shall move me from your side.
My father and my mother too,
 I 'll leave to God above ;
He never can be grieved with me ;
 For God himself is love.

And we will make our ingle warm,
 When far across the sea ;
And Love and Joy will fold their wings,
 And dwell with you and me ;
Your voice shall be my music then ;
 Far sweeter it will be,
Than merry bells, and singing birds,
 With all their melody.

God's sun shines bright on ev'ry land,
 His stars light ev'ry sky ;
And love can make a desert look
 A garden to the eye.
Then farewell to my mountain cot,
 I'll go with you to roam ;
So ye do love me, William dear,
 Where you are is my home."

THE MAIDEN'S CURSE.

"Earth has no rage like love to hatred turned,
And hell no fury like a woman scorned."

I wake to the truth, my life's vision is past ;
He's basely deceived me, I know it at last ;
I trembled, I doubted, I hoped ; it is o'er ;
The wretch now derides me, I ask for no more ;
The best gift of heaven he tramples to scorn,
And leaves me bereft of all hope and forlorn.
I looked on him once as an angel of light ;
Each smile of his face made me thrill with delight.
The tone of his voice as we sat 'neath the tree,
Was sweet as the music of angels to me.
I loved him as woman can only once love ;
He vowed that he loved me all others above ;
I trusted my all on a calm, sunny sea,
A wreck he has left me forever to be.
I loved him, but love is transformed into hate ;
I'd as soon see a demon as him at the gate :
I'd rather a serpent enfold me than he
Base traitor, deceiver, no worse wretch can be.
I hate him ; my curse on his head where he goes !
May fiends be his friends, and his dearest friends foes !

May love never bless him, ner goodness, nor truth ;
The cold frost of age nip the bud of his youth ;
Oh ! bitter be poverty's blast that he feels,
The spectre of want ever tread on his heels ;
May ev'ry sweet sound on his vile ear grate,
And love, e're he feel it, be frozen to hate ;
His visions, in slumber, be ghosts of the past,
And ev'ry foul spectre a worse than the last ;
The prince of deceivers, the vilest of men,
May woman's sweet smile never bless him again ;
May o'er him the billows of woe ever roll,
And lightnings of wrath scathe his villanous soul !

ANSWER TO THE "LONE STARRY HOUR."

I dreamt that I saw thy sweet face, love,
The smile that is evermore there ;
Where thou art is beauty and grace, love,
And all that is pleasant and fair ;
I dreamt that I heard thy sweet voice, love
As echoes of music afar ;
I woke, 't was my dearest, my choice, love ;
The music, his dulcet guitar.

We'll wait not for morning to dawn, love ;
By moonlight our meeting shall be ;
One moment, and then on the lawn, love,
I'll give a sweet welcome to thee.
We'll meet, and our hearts shall rejoice, love,
We'll wander together afar,
I'll list to the tones of thy voice, love,
More sweet than the dulcet guitar.

TO E. M. F.

Bright as even's changeless fires,
Shine thy lustrous eyes on me ;
Sweet as heaven's tuneful lyres,
Sounds thy voice of melody.

Ev'ry look is light and love ;
Ev'ry sound a song divine ;
As if thou hadst, when above,
Made an angel's graces thine.

Short the time is since we met,
Yet each moment seems a year
All with budding springs are set,
Sunny, radiant, warm and clear.

At thy touch my soul is thrilled
As it never was before ;
By thy smile my cup is filled,
Filled with pleasure — running o'er.

Beam upon me, sunny maiden ;
Banish clouds of doubt and fear ;
Till with joy my soul is laden,
Laden through Love's circling year.

TO HANNAH C. L.

If I were a poet, I'd sing thee a song
 Would enchant ev'ry listening ear,
In tones so melifluous, seraphs should furl
 Their pinions, its echoes to hear.

If rich, I'd present thee the choicest of gifts
 That all Nature and Art can combine ;
That Beauty can fashion and Talent produce,
 Dear Hannah, should ever be thine.

If I were a sailor, I'd bring thee bright pearls,
 From the depths of the billowy sea ;
And shells, with the hues of the rainbow endyed,
 I'd give as a present to thee.

If I were an artist, I'd paint thee a sketch,
 Would enrapture thy soul to behold ;
Or form thee a statue, so breathing with life,
 That love in her arms might enfold.

A fairy, I'd grant ev'ry wish of thy soul ;
 Not a thought should unsatisfied be ;
But as I'm a rhymers, I weave a few lines,
 And offer a tribute to thee.

LINES TO LIZZIE.

The katy-dids are chanting
From the fulness of their souls ;
The stars above are shining
On this planet as it rolls.

There is beauty in the sky,
There is music on the earth ;
And sweetest thoughts are springing
Like the May buds into birth.

There 's a halo round the moon,
And a veil before her face ;
She 's peeping archly through it,
With a sweet, bewitching grace ;

And as I stand and watch her
Through the branches bending nigh,
How strongly she reminds me
Of the moony nights gone by.

The nights when thee and I, love,
From the city's smoke and din,
In grassy valleys wandered,
And the heavens shut us in.

Of hills o'er which we rambled,
When the day was in its grave,
And sleepy flowers saw not
All the kisses that we gave.

The happy scenes she causes
My memory to unfold,
Are far dearer to my soul
Than an argosy of gold.

WINTER.

Cold winter is here, and blows with a whiz ;
The mercury's fell, and fuel is riz ;
The river is still, the hydrant is friz,
And every man wears a most comical phiz.

Dead in the garden are all the sweet roses ;
Blue as a whetstone are all the red noses ;
While everything green assuredly froze is,
As stiff as the clods on the body of Moses.

Art furnishes flowers, though nature is froze in ;
Grog-shops are gardens with blossoms, by rows, in ;
Where watered by villanous whiskey that flows in,
Each fool must soon gather a harvest of woes in.

Rich people snug in warm bed-rooms are lying ;
Poor people up in cold garrets are dying ;
Shivering children are moaning and crying,
While bleak winds around them are mournfully sighing.

Then think of the poor, ye wealthy flint-skinners,
Who, in the great "grab game," have made yourselves win-
While eating with relish your smoking hot dinners, [ners,
Remember, in mercy, your poor fellow sinners,

CAZAN AND THE COLLIER.

A Methodist preacher called Cazan, I knew ;
One of the old school, unbending and true ;
A mighty revivalist, knew how to dwell
On torments the wicked must suffer in hell ;
Could picture the ocean of brimstone and fire,
Where souls die forever, yet never expire,
Till sinners would see the blue flame's lurid glare,
And shudder to hear the mad yells of despair.

One morning he went an appointment to fill,
Equipped like a soldier, the arch foe to kill ;
His heart full of zeal, as he sped on his way,
Beseeching that sin might be routed that day.
A man on the wide, open fell he espied ;
"That man may be lost, if I haste not," he cried.
The man was a collier returning from work ;
A pipe in his mouth, he looked grim as a Turk ;
No matter to Cazan, who never looked back,
And feared not the devil himself to attack.
"Good morning," quoth he ; then "Good morn" said the
man ;
Without farther preface old Cazan began :

"Do you ever pray?" He seemed taken aback,
And giving a glance at the parson in black :
"I reckon I do n't, for I leave that to fools
Who do nothing else but 'tend meetings and schools ;
I have to work hard for my bread every day ;
How can I find time, then, to gabble and pray ?"
"A hard case is this, I must try a new plan,"
Thought Cazan, and so he turned round to the man ;
"This half-crown, my man, to you freely I'll give,
To promise me never to pray while you live,"
"I'll promise you that in a giffy," said he :
"So hand the half-crown, mister, over to me ;
'T will buy me some whiskey, tobacco, and tea,
More comfort than ten thousand prayings would be."
He gave him the money, and went on his way,
The sinners of Gateshead to waken that day.

The collier soon came to his snug dwelling-place ;
He entered the house with a smile on his face ;
His wife, a good woman, was making the tea ;
"O, Sally, my lassie, what thinks thou?" said he ;
"A man overtook me in crossing the moor,
A singular fellow he must be, I'm sure,
This half crown he gave me, a fool I must say,
To make him a promise I never would I pray."
"What! promise you never would pray?" said his wife,
"The worst promise that, Jehn, you've made in your life ;

Pray, what did he look like, and how was he dressed ?

I doubt your companion was none of the best."

"I noticed his clothes of an old fashioned cut,

And all of them black, from the head to the foot."

"All black !" she exclaimed, "Lord preserve us from evil,

The person you met with was surely the devil,

He gave you the money your poor soul to buy ;

No doubt he will come for you, John, by and by."

For once in his life, John was troubled in mind ;

To serious thought he felt deeply inclined ;

He'd dreadful forebodings of terrible pain,

And wished he could give the half-crown back again ;

He lay down, but sleep to his soul brought no rest ;

He saw himself shut from the home of the blest ;

Hell's wide mouth was open, the stranger was there !

He yelled in the anguish of utter despair.

The bribe he'd accepted, a monster became,

'T was dragging him down to the regions of flame ;

While devils cried out, as it hurried him down,

"This man sold his soul for a paltry half crown."

"O, save me," he cried with most terrible might ;

"God save me," he shouted, and woke with affright ;

And thus the poor sinner, ere he was aware,

Had broken his promise, and uttered a prayer.

Henceforth, till his soul had declared for the Right,

No peace came with day, and no rest with the night ;

Until, truly saved from the foul hellish snare,
At morning and evening he offered his prayer.
He joined with the Methodists — entered the fold ;
In God's cause, henceforth, became zealous and bold,
And oft in the class or at love-feast would tell
The strange way his soul was delivered from hell.

Some time after this, Cazan happened one day
To visit a love-feast that came in his way ;
The collier was there, and of course, without fail,
He told to the people his singular tale,
Of him all in black, that he met on the feld,
Who could be none else than the sergeant of hell
Enlisting recruits for the army of woe,
Whose wages are burnings in brimstone below ;
Then stating his present condition awhile,
He ended, and Cazan arose with a smile :
" To God be the glory," he said, " evermore ;
I shot that bird, as I passed o'er the moor.
In order to serve the black devil a trick,
For once I was willing to pass for ' Old Nick.'
Then praise Him who put the good thought in my mind —
The Father of all, who is gracious and kind —
And pray all the subjects of Satan may be,
Like this man, enlightened, and happy and free."
Though Cazan has passed as a shadow away,
His memory lives with the colliers to-day.

SUNDAY SABBATH.

'Tis Sunday ! but the morn peeps out ;
The breezes play the woods about ;
The wild birds sing their gayest song,
And echoes sweet the notes prolong ;
Wide fly the blazing gates of day,
And Sol rolls on his sunny way.
The trees are weaving summer bow'rs ;
The bees are kissing maiden flow'rs ;
Young streams are dancing wild and free,
And linking hands to meet the sea ;
The spider spins his silky line ;
The vines around the old oak twine ;
Up ! idlers up ! the world 's at work,
Nor meanly thus your duty shirk ;
Your preachers lead your souls astray,
For nature knows no Sabbath day.

Maiden raise thy parting song !
Ploughman, drive thy team along !
Blacksmith, let thy anvil sing !
Woodman, make the forest ring !
Sailor, spread the snow-white sail,
No Sabbath knows the flying gale !

City toiler, full of care,
Out, and breathe the balmy air ;
Leave the haunted Gothic pile ;
Leave the dim cathedral aisle,
Where hooded Superstition walks,
And Bigotry, the murd'rer, stalks.

Out, and bathe thy dusty feet
In the meadow, cool and sweet,
Where the trees in solemn bands,
Raise to heav'n their spreading hands ;
There joyous birds, God's heralds free,
Shall preach his gospel unto thee.

BIBLE STORY IN VERSE:

OR, THE CONTEST BETWEEN GOD AND THE DEVIL.

Within the holy book I've read
A story oft with wond'ring dread ;
But now with mirth sometimes scan o'er
This relic of Chaldaic lore.

There dwelt in Uz a godly man,
Whose name was Job, the tale began.
Upright was he, as grows the palm ;
No wrath-storm broke his holy calm ;
For Peace, sweet dove, had made her nest
Within this good man's pious breast.
He 'd seven sons, a goodly band,
Three daughters, fairest of the land ;
His meadows, sheep unnumbered bore,
Three thousand camels were his store ;
Of oxen owned five hundred head,
Of asses just as many fed.
In servants, substance, land and beast,
The richest man of all the East.

COLLECTOR
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There came a day, of days adored,
When God's sons met before the Lord ;
And Satan in his "Sunday best,"
Was also there among the rest ;
A gentleman from top to toe,
As the infernal fashions go.

The sons of God with deep unrest
Looked down on the unbidden guest ;
Till one who knew the arch-foe well,
Though guised by all the art of hell,
Approached and took him by the hand,
And introduced him to the band.
Not long, and all felt quite at ease —
Who is there Satan cannot please ?
The Devil, too, threw off all care —
His home, of course, is every where ;
And, taking off his beaver hat,
Soon God and he were deep in chat.

Then said the Lord, 'mong other things
That passed between these rival kings :
"Your face I have not lately seen ;
Pray whither has your lordship been ?"

"You're surely joking," Satan said,
"For all things travel through your head ;

FOR REFORMERS.

You know as well where I have been
As if you had been there and seen."

"Upon my word," God made reply,
("There's no one hears but you and I;")
The fact is, Nick, to tell you true,
Of news I know much less than you;
My subjects are a lazy set —
I'll turn them out of heaven yet —
Who spend their time in songs and prayers,
Nor half attend to my affairs."

"Well," Satan said, "since that is so,
I come from rambling to and fro.
Our place was sad, and so for mirth
I wandered up and down the earth."

"In roaming up and down the globe,
Have you beheld my servant Job?"

"Of course I have," Nick made reply,
"I keep your saints before my eye;
No mother could for darling son
Do more than I for Job have done,
And if in heaven he chance to shine,
It will be through no fault of mine."

"Yes, yes; I know you sir of old,
 What hosts you've stolen from my fold;
 But let that pass; I wish to know
 If, in your wanderings to-and fro,
 You've seen a man more pure, upright
 Than Job, who serves me day and night?
 I tell you, sir, though wide your hell,
 No fiend e'er serves you half so well;
 I'm proud of Job, the noblest man
 The earth has seen since time began."

Then Satan, whose deep hate was stirred
 To dark revenge by every word:
 "The dog is faithful to his lord,
 But faithful only for his board;
 And Job, though faithful all his days,
 Would not be so but that it pays.
 I've not an imp in hell below
 But that would serve you, pay him so—
 You've given freely friends and health,
 And made him rich in worldly wealth;
 Have set a hedge around him high,
 And ev'ry evil passes by.
 Who would not serve the Lord for this,
 Secure of every earthly bliss?
 But if you'll just withdraw your aid,
 And take away the wealth you've made,

You'll find the rogue has little grace ;
He'll turn and curse you to your face."

Said God : " I know the reason well ;
There boils in you the wrath of hell.
No surer word e'er spoke the fates,
' He must be good whom Satan hates.'
Of Job you foully, falsely lie,
For he 's as true a soul as I.
To prove that what I say is true;
I give his substance up to you ;
But stop, hold on, you cunning elf !
You must not touch the man himself."

Away he went, more swift than fly
Migrating swallows through the sky,
And, ' lighting in the brims'one cave,
Commission to his servants gave,
Who, darting forth with gladness, flew
The bidding of their lord to do.

But God, revolving in his head,
The final words the devil said,
Rememb'ring too the trick he played
With mother Eve in Eden's shade,
Called Gabriel from a distant sphere,
And whispered in his trusty ear :

"The devil 's off to trouble Job ;
Now swift and seek the distant globe ;
Find Job, and, should he need your aid,
See strength supplied for burden laid ;
Perchance the devil is too strong,
And Job may do the thing that 's wrong,
Which would be sad, for then, you see,
Old Beelzebub would laugh at me."

Off Gabriel went, swift as the ray
Shot from the fiery god of day,
And God, released from further cares,
Gave audience to a myriad prayers,
Which, from their number it appears,
Were by this time in sad arrears.

Meanwhile Nick's agents in high glee
Had hunted over land and sea,
And bagged the winds which daily blow
O'er deserts wide, and realms of snow.

Job's sons and daughters met to dine,
To dance and drink of Chaldee wine,
Nor dream, while pleasure fills the bowl,
That fiends lie wait to trap the soul.
Around the house the demons stand,
A dread tornado in each hand ;

The storms leap out with furious bound,
And dash the structure to the ground.
His oxen plow, and asses graze
Beside them in the verdant ways;
A demon band the keepers slay,
And drive the herds like chaff away.
At morn they dotted all the plain,
At noon their tracks alone remain.

Away then flew another band,
And searched each cranny of the land;
From hot volcanoes gathered fire,
To satisfy their master's ire :
From Ætna streams of lava red,
And sulphur from Vesuvius' bed.
(Nor think this an astounding feat,
For who as fiends so used to heat ?)
His flocks — the worthy patriarch's pride —
Were feeding on the mountain side ;
The servants near them lying round
In peace upon the turfy ground,
When fell as falls the thunder's bride,
A fiery shower on every side.
Of all that host escapes but one
To tell his master they are gone.
His camels from Arabia come,
Ships of the desert bound for home.

Each one is seized by pirate hands,
The servants' life blood drink the sands ;
But one is left, who straightway goes
To tell to Job his tale of woes.

T'was summer eve ; his day's work done,
Job sat and viewed the setting sun.
Serene his soul and self-possessed
As day's bright God that sank to rest.
But tidings came : his sheep were slain ;
His cattle swept from off the plain ;
His camels seized and borne away,
And all his servants far astray.
But, worse than all—the lightning's stroke
That rent his living heart of oak —
His children taken at one blow ;
This overflows his cup of woe.
But scarce a word the anguish tells,
That in his heart intensely swells.
True, once the rising oath came there ;
But Gabriel turned it into prayer ;
And Nick, who sat expectant by,
Could only turn his head and sigh.

There chanced in heaven another day,
When God's sons came their court to pay.

Such days are common now below,
 In heaven, at that time, not less so ;
 And Satan also, brazen bold,
 Stalked in as he had done of old ;
 Though some of heaven's "upper ten,"
 (All angels are not gentlemen,)
 Cast sneering glances, barbed with hate,
 At hell's distinguished poten'ate.
 Yet daunted not a jot was he,
 But proud as Lucifer can be,
 And answered back with double scorn,
 Those looks of heaven's basest born.

While thus in silence looking fight,
 To peaceful angels' great delight,
 The golden doors flew open wide,
 And God, with Gabriel by his side,
 Passed through his million sons, who stood,
 Like pines in some Norwegian wood,
 Until where Satan was they came,
 And God accosted him by name :

"Well, Satan, here again, I see."
 "Of course ; you dont get rid of me ;
 I'm just as much your son as those,
 Who proud turn up the holy nose"

At me who shone a star of morn
Before their little souls were born.
They may yet fall ; and you shall see
I'll punish them as you did me ;
I'll make a hell beneath my own,
There shall these wretches weep and moan,
Mine shall be heaven to that deep,
Where I these twice damned souls shall keep ;
I'll show them I can use the rod,
And prove myself a very God."

"Come, come," said God, "your wrath assuage,
These fellows are not worth your rage.
See, Gabriel, that those boys are taught,
Behaving henceforth as they ought
To one who is as welcome here
As any angel far or near ;
For, (here his voice fell very low,)
We can't do without Nick, you know.
That I'm your friend you scarce can doubt,
Although from heaven I turned you out ;
Though much the evil you have done,
I ne'er forget you are my son ;
I'll see, when to us you resort,
That you're well treated at my court.
But, by the way, much time has passed
O'er both our heads since we met last,

With little change to either pate.
Pray whither have you been of late ?
You run so fast, I've not a spy,
In all my pay, one half as spry ;
I cannot keep your course a day,
When once from here you get away."

"O, well," said Nick, "you have the odds,
One need be spry to out-wit Gods.
I've been, as usual, rambling round,
And looking o'er our battle ground."

"Among the millions of the globe
Have you considered pious Job,
Who stands unmoved your every shock,
Firm as a weather-beaten rock ;
Whose beetling crags for aye defy
The dashing waves, the frowning sky ?"

"Hold there ; I hate to hear you dwell
Upon a man too mean for hell ;
A sneaking wretch who would be free,
But lacks the courage thus to be ;
Who'd give up cattle, houses, wife,
To save from death his worthless life.
Put forth your hand and touch his skin ;
Let fever burn the wretch within ;

Aye, boast no more, but touch him there;
And then you'll hear his saintship swear,
With all his piety and grace,
He'll turn and curse you to your face."

Said God : "I see the reason plain,
You cannot now your wrath restrain ;
You've found your match ; aye, that is it,
And can't succeed with all your wit.
I'm proud of Job ; how good is he ;
Temptation proof, of passion free.
To prove that what I say is true,
I give his body up to you.
Go smite, torment him, do your worst,
By every evil see him cursed ;
But spare his life, there is your bound ;
The rest to you is open ground."

The last words reached the devil's ear
Just as he lit upon our sphere.
A city vast in grandeur lies
Before the demon's greedy eyes ;
With eager glance each dwelling there
He sweeps with most assiduous care,
To find the wretch whose throbbing veins
Distend with unremitting pains.

He finds him, on a pallet laid,
Beneath a crumbling hovel's shade ;
And straight transfers the poison dire
To Job, who wakes to feel its fire.
In ashes sat the good man down,
A mass of sores from foot to crown,
With Satan by his side unseen,
And Gabriel hovering between.
As by some spring the hunter lies,
His soul out-leaping from his eyes,
To catch a glimpse of roving deer,
That unsuspecting linger near ;
So sat the Devil waiting there
In hopes to hear his victim swear.
But Job, who keenly felt the stroke,
With not a word the silence broke,
But brooding o'er his mis'ry lay
In speechless grief through night and day.

Then Nick, rememb'ring woman's power,
How Adam fell in Eden's bower,
How weak was all the serpent's guile
Without Eve's sweet, alluring smile,
Transformed himself — how like to life
He looked — he was Job's very wife.
Job saw her come, how glad was he,
No angel could more welcome be ;

But, how with horror shook the man
To hear his wife, who thus began :

“What ? silent still, and in such woe
As never demon felt below ?
Dost thou still love that cruel God,
Who uses thus the chast’ning rod ?
Dost thou hold fast thy faith in him,
When pain racks every joint and limb ;
When fever burns within thy veins,
And throbs thy heart with ceaseless pains ?
Curse him, the fiend who dwells on high ;
Curse him, and calmly, sweetly, die.”

With wonder to amazement grown,
(Such words from her were all unknown)
Job heard, and then with sadder grief,
Words came at last to his relief :

“How is it thou, so wise, so meek,
Canst as the foolish women speak ?
How is it that I hear thee say,
Curse him to whom we daily pray ?
Shall we receive all gifts from God,
And not the chast’ning of his rod ?
The sweets of life with pleasure sup,
And not the dregs within the cup ?”

Thus Job with noble patience bore ;
But there's an end to every store.
Huge mountains by the falling rains
Are melted into fertile plains ;
And drops too small for eye to see,
United, form the spreading sea.
All this the devil knew full well ;
For ages principal of hell ;
In teaching others the black art,
His lessons all were got by heart.

So plied he Job from morn to night,
Half Hell expectant at the sight,
While Gabriel, fearful that the flood,
Whose dammed-up waters doubtful stood,
Might burst the barriers and sweep
With deadly violence to the deep,
Went up to represent the case,
And have assistance for the place.
Just then Job's anger leapt the bound,
And Nick rejoiced to hear the sound :
" Cursed be the day that I was born,
To live this life of pain and scorn ;
Or night, if night that gave me birth,
And made me denizen of earth.
Be dark that day as shades of death,
Unblest by God's awakening breath ;

May clouds of darkness round it spread,
And thunders burst upon its head ;
Let no joy bless that gloomy night,
Or star arise upon the sight ;
Let hellish darkness to it cling,
And terror ride upon its wing ;
Let those who mourn without relief,
Curse it, and join me in my grief."

Just then came Gabriel to his post,
With guardian angels quite a host,
Resolved to drive the Devil out:
And put all hell itself to rout ;
But what was his surprise to find
Himself and host so far behind.
Scarce could his gaze the air peep through,
For Job had sworn it brimstone blue.
He shook his head : " Alas ! alack !
What message can I carry back ?
Tell God the truth, and with disgrace,
In heaven I'll surely lose my place."
So trumping up, as others do,
A story, any thing but true,
Away to Heaven's gate he flew.

When Nick had satisfied himself,
Away up also flew the elf,

And scarce had Gabriel shown his phiz
Before the devil put in his,
Resolved, should the Archangel fail,
To tell to God the 'owér true tale.'

Nick heard the story Gabriel told,
And truth made even Satan bold.
"A lie, Oh God ! (he could not wait ;)
From Job himself I've just come straight ;
He's swearing ; not a fiend you'd name
Is there can beat him at the game.
'Tis true, howe'er your soul may grieve ;
Go hear him if you can't believe."

Then God : " You base, infernal slave !
You lying, worthless, daring knave !
How can you come before my face,
And lie in Heaven's holy place ?
Such tales may do in other spheres,
Where demons lend you greedy ears ;
Go there, and tell your tale below,
Nor dare in heaven your face to show ;
For righteous Job is all my own ;
He stands firm as my topless throne,
So Gabriel says, my servant true,
Who never yet a falsehood knew.

If you dispute or even frown,
I 'll hurl you hence with vengeance down."

No word said Satan, in reply,
But there was vengeance in his eye,
As backward to his home he flew
Some new, infernal plot to brew,
"I'll be revenged !" his mutt'rings fell,
Like thunders at the gates of hell ;
How well fulfilled, let hist'ry tell.